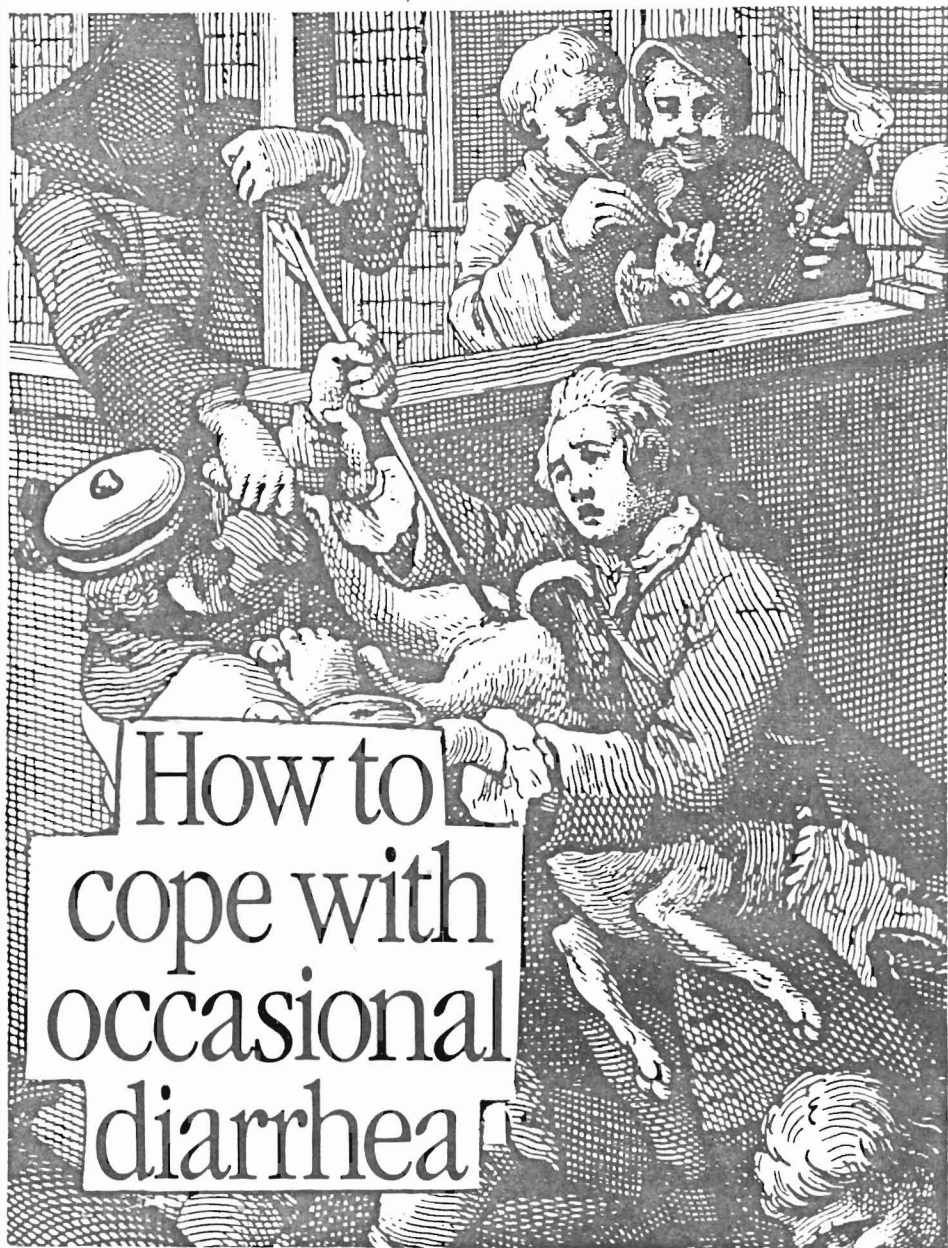


# NEW IMPORTANT UPDATE FUGITIVE POPE

ISSN 1054-8947

Vol. 2, No. 5    nothing or one dollar    November 1, 1991



How to  
cope with  
occasional  
diarrhea

## PRELIMINARY MATTERS

**FUGITIVE POPE** is supposed to be a bimonthly publication, issued on the first days of January, March, May, July, September, and November (except for September 1991 when I was too busy to put it out).

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### EDITORIAL STAFF

Pope:	Raleigh Clayton Muns
Popess:	Anne L. Wagner
Cardinals:	Isaac Michael Wagner-Muns Samuel Francis Hopkins

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**Motto no. 1:** Feel free to be offended by the contents. I don't mind at all.

**Motto no. 2:** If it seems amateurish, it's because it is.

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Actually, if you're cool, you can gamble that my relatives the hoity-toity Washington, DC lawyers won't be set on your scrawny butts so gamble and reprint anything you want. Zines like **Blue Larry**, **Factsheet Five**, **The ... Chronicle** (Alaska!), **PsychoTrain** or anything by K3 will never be prosecuted. However, major publishing concerns can suck my International Standard Serial Number (1054-8947). If Exxon, Times-Mirror, or any of those scum-fiends ever rip me off, they're dead, DEAD, DEAD!!!

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To get single issues of **Fugitive Pope** send an age statement and a buck in cash, stamps, or equivalent. I like trades too. Send submissions (copyright reverts to author on publication) and correspondence to:

Raleigh Clayton Muns  
7351-A Burrwood Dr.  
St. Louis, MO 63121


United States of Amerika

Eee, haw. FP is coming to you live from Missouri! Yep, after hanging out in LaLa land for most of 21 years, I've relocated to St. Louis where I now work as a baby reference librarian at the University of Missouri, St. Louis. You can send e-mail through the various nets to me at: SRCMUNS@UMSLVMA.BITNET. I might as well also note that UMSL has absolutely nothing to do with this publication. They don't endorse (or KNOW) about FP. This is just one librarian exercising a little free-speech.

Let's see, I don't steal photocopying from work. I lost a little over \$400 last year on this hobby which was fine because my wife was being paid good blood money while helping make weapons of mass destruction at Rockwell Intergalactic. We finally said "bullshit" to that tune and reduced our combined income from \$50,000 per year to \$22,500 per year.

St. Louis is really neat. FP plans to review the local ephemera generators like the National Bowling Hall of Fame, the Dog Museum, and the Dental Health Theater ("... the only one of its kind in the world. Presentations include an educator's demonstration with sixteen, three foot high fiberglass teeth; films and puppets.").

Special thanks in this issue to Cathy Camper who sent in the "Day of a Librarian" stuff (Tim Miske's version will appear in a later issue) and **The Stranger** (Box 31848, Seattle, WA 98103) for the "Service Special" and "Enemy of Creativity" ads.



## The Chronicle

UFOs ◻ Mass Murder  
Subliminal Messages  
Necrophilia ◻ Cannibalism  
Drugs ◻ Disney ◻ Occult  
Books ◻ Zines ◻ Catalogs

Issue six \$3 from  
Students For Freedom, c/o  
Nathaniel-M. Naske, P.O. Box  
80721, Fairbanks, AK 99708

Regarding last month's "Knocking up the Balls" contest - the quote is from Joseph Moxon's classic **Mechanick Exercises on the Whole Art of Printing** (1683-4) and refers to the manufacture and preparation of inking balls which were used to apply ink to the type on the press. Professor John Richardson of UCLA's Graduate School of Library and Information Science came closest (soonest) and won another year of the Pope! Heck, almost as good as tenure, right JR?

Sorry for the delay and (admittedly) poor quality of this issue, but chalk it all up to a cross-country move from Los Angeles to St. Louis. Plan on seeing the next issue in early January.

#### FLY POWERED AIRPLANE



A little kit with some light paper, rather like cigarette papers, a stick, rather like a toothpick, and extensive, detailed, but very simple instructions. When you have followed the instructions, you will have two little airplanes, to each of which you will have attached one (or, for extra, speed two) live house flies. The fly provides the motive power and they really do work. They fly!! By fly power!! Judy thinks

ill of this product, and so may you unless you are about 10 or 12 years old. In which case you will absolutely love it.

88695

**Fly Powered Airplane**

**\$3.95/each**

#### HUMOR IN UNIFORM!!!

((since I didn't ask for permission to print this, I'll keep the contributor anonymous so he doesn't get in trouble))

"My favorite name for a patron was **Chicken Lady**. She was the daughter of a community college president in Washington. She entered the nursing school at the University of Washington and later had to leave -- she was a certified schizo ... we called her the **Chicken Lady** because she would periodically enter the Undergraduate Library's men's room which had about 20 stalls and would crawl on the floor and proceed to bite the men's legs and would cackle like a chicken ..."

## EPHEMERA

Ephemera-of-the-Week award goes to Gerard Goosen of the Netherlands who put out the poster below in 1970. Remember, "The more you drive, the stupider you get."

# HUNT A CAR



mankind is threatened by  
an increasing population  
of dangerous monsters.



## JOIN THE BIG CITY SAFARI !

## MYSTERIOUS TALES OF THE REFERENCE DESK!!!

While working at an unnamed reference desk, I happened to encounter the following questions:

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Q: Did musician Robert Plant ever screw Telly Savalas' niece in the backseat of a car parked at the Rainbow Bar & Grill?

A: Yes.

Source: Robert Plant IN liner notes (p. 11) to **The Last Temptation of Elvis** (CD), London: NME, 1990.

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Q: How was peanut butter used to avoid the Vietnam War draft?

A: A "user" would stop bathing some time in advance of his scheduled physical examination, then, just before going inside, smear peanut butter on his thighs, scrotum, and rectal areas. When the examining doctor inquired about the encrusted "excrement," the potential inductee would usually scrape some of the peanut butter off, taste it, and invariably be certified a mental case and thus rejected for duty in the military.

Source: Sherry Gershon Gottlieb, **Hell No We Won't Go**, NY: Viking, 1991, p. 62.

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The only question I have ever refused to answer at the reference desk:

Q: "What do you think I should do with this rectal thermometer?"

## VENUS MURTIA AWARD (NO OVARIES/BALLS)

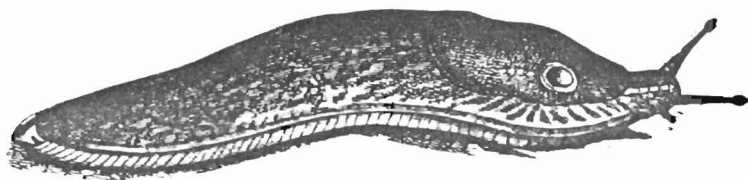
Mr. Raul Huerta, a Department Head at Mohawk Valley Community College in Utica, NY, has proposed a collaboration on what he calls the "Venus Murtia Award." Mr. Huerta sent along an entry from Robert E. Bell's **Dictionary of Classical Mythology** (Santa Barbara, CA: ???, 1982, p. 57) on the divine goddess:

VENUS MURTIA was a surname denoting cowardice. The goddess, worshipped under this name, had a temple at the foot of the Aventine Hill, and as she patronized indolence, laziness, and cowardice, her statues were generally covered with moss to represent inactivity.

The proposed award will be given for outstanding chicken shittedness in the arena of librarianship. Though not an official award winner, I would like to initially propose the director of the Los Angeles Public Library as a prototype of future winners.

City Librarian Elizabeth Martinez Smith, ebullient director of LAPL, directed the withdrawal of a poster quoting african-american poet Langston Hughes' poem "Tell Me" as well as a bibliography including Hughes, both of which were part of the materials distributed to branches as part of LAPL's "Lesbian and Gay History Month." I'm not sure of what the behind the scenes politics consisted, but the appearance is that Smith decided to cave in to reactionaries who didn't want to offend the Los Angeles african-american community, at the expense of justifiable pride that the gay community has in identifying Hughes as a member of their universe. Do I need to detail the logic as to why this is a decision reeking of poultry feces?

See: **American Libraries** Jul/Aug 1991, p. 610.



# A DAY OF A LIBRARIAN



COMES TO WORK



ADVISES MOTHER  
ABOUT GOOD BOOK  
ON CHILD CARE



FINDS SCIENCE  
BOOK FOR WRITER



HELPS CHILDREN  
WITH SCHOOL WORK



READING HOUR



PUBLISHER COMES  
IN FOR ADVICE



WORKS WITH  
TEACHERS



TAKES BOOKS TO  
PLAYGROUND ON  
THE WAY HOME



HELPS DRAMATIC  
GROUP IN THE  
EVENING



# A DAY OF A LIBRARIAN



DRAGS HER TIRED  
ASS IN TO WORK  
After Another  
Wild night.



Tells mother  
to quit smacking  
her kid around.



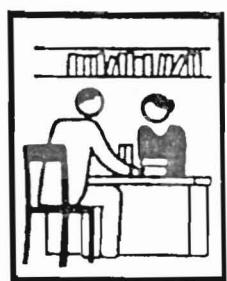
Finds book for smelly  
sleazy man on penis  
sizes. Refuses to  
give phone number.



Stops children  
from selling  
crack.



Tells kids to  
shut the fuck  
up.



Man wants her  
phone number for  
blow job.



Couple wants  
to patent the  
hamburger and  
won't take "No"  
for an answer.



Finds books  
tossed around  
the play-  
ground.



Has a job as a  
stripper to  
supplement  
inadequate pay.

What with the predisposition for masturbators to haunt the stacks of libraries across the nation, I deemed it pertinent to do some research on this topic. In so doing I turned up this interesting little tidbit by Mark Twain sitting gently in UCLA's Special Collections Department:

...

"A speech given by Mark Twain at the Stomach Club in Paris in 1879."

### SOME THOUGHTS ON THE SCIENCE OF ONANISM

by Mark Twain

My predecessor has warned you against the "social evil -- adultery." In this able paper he exhausted that subject, he left absolutely nothing more to be said on it. But I will continue his good work in the cause of morality by cautioning you against that species of recreation called "self-abuse" to which I perceive you are much addicted. All great writers on health and morals, both ancient and modern, have struggled with this stately subject, this shows its dignity and importance. Some of these writers have taken one side, some the other.

Homer, in the second book of the Iliad, says with fine enthusiasm, "Give me masturbation or give me death." Caesar, in his Commentaries, says, "To the lonely it is company; to the forsaken it is a friend, to the aged and the impotent it is a benefactor. They that are penniless are yet rich, in that they still have this majestic diversion." In another place this experienced observer has said, "There are times when I prefer it to sodomy."

Robinson Crusoe says, "I cannot describe what I owe to this gentle art." Queen Elizabeth said, "It is the bulwark of virginity." Cetewavo, the Zula here, remarked, "A jerk in the hand is worth two in the bush." The immortal Franklin has said, "Masturbation is the mother of invention." He also said, "Masturbation is the best policy."

Michelangelo and all the other old masters -- "old masters" I will remark, is an abbreviation, a contraction -- have used similar language. Michelangelo said to Pope Julius II, "Self negation is noble, self-culture beneficant, self-possession is manly, but to the truly great and inspiring soul they are poor and tame compared to self-abuse." Mr. Brown, here, in one of his latest and most graceful poems, refers to it in an eloquent line which is destined to live to the end of time -- "None know it but to love it; none name it but to praise it."

Such are the utterances of the most illustrious of the masters of this renowned science, and the apologists for it. The name of those who decry it and oppose it, is legion; they have made strong arguments and uttered bitter speeches against it -- but there is not room to repeat them here in much detail. Brigham Young, an expert of incontestable authority, said, "As compared with the other thing, it is the difference between the lightning bug and the lightning." Solomon said, "There is nothing to recommend it but its cheapness." Galen said, "It is shameful to degrade to such bestial uses that grand limb, that formidable member, which we votaries of science dub the Major Maxillary -- when we dub it at all -- which is seldom. It would be better to amputate the os frontis than to put it to such use.

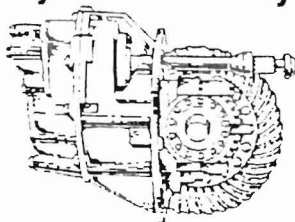
The great statistician Smith, in his report to Parliament says, "In my opinion, more children have been wasted in this way than in any other." It cannot be denied that the high antiquity of this art entitles it to our respect, but at the same time I think its harmfulness demands our condemnation. Mr. Darwin was grieved to feel obliged to give up his theory that the monkey was the connecting link between man and the lower animals. I think he was too hasty. The monkey is the only animal, except man, that practices this science; hence he is our brother; there is a bond of sympathy and relationship between us. Give this ingenious animal an audience of the proper kind, and he will straightway put aside his other affairs and take a whet; and you will see by his contortions and his ecstatic expression that he takes an intelligent and human interest in the performance.

The sign of excessive indulgence in this destructive past-time are easily detectable. They are these: A disposition to eat, to drink, to smoke, to meet together convivially, to laugh, to joke, and tell indelicate stories -- and, mainly, a yearning to paint pictures.

Of all the kinds of sexual intercourse, this has the least to recommend it. As an amusement, it is too fleeting; as an occupation, it is too wearing; as a public exhibition, there is no money in it. It is unsuited to the drawing-room, and in most cultured society it has long been banished from the social board. It has at least, in our day of progress and improvement, been degraded to the brotherhood with flatulence. Among the best-bred, those two arts are now indulged in only in private -- though by consent of the whole company, when only males are present, it is still permissible, in good society, to remove the embargo on the fundamental sigh.

My illustrious predecessor has taught you that all forms of the "social evil" are bad. I would teach you that some of these forms are more to be avoided than others. So, in concluding, I say, if you must gamble away your lives sexually, don't plan a lone hand too much. When you feel a revolutionary uprising in your system, get your Vendome column down some other way -- don't jerk it down.

## Good Taste is the Chief Enemy of Creativity



**EAT•N**  
Eaton Axle & Brake Parts

- Go Go Go This is It This is It
- Improvisation is Better Than Planning
- Notice What You're Noticing
- Participate in the Creation of Ruins
- Operate Outside The Paradigm

# 1949

The Avant Garde is Obsolete

THE MAP IS NOT THE TERRITORY  
YOU NEVER KNOW WHEN CENSORSHIP WORKS

For those of you who suffer from epidemics of masturbators in the stacks, I propose posting the following throughout your institutions as a warning against those who publicly (and otherwise) practice this vile vice.

Source: Calhoun, George R., **Report of the Consulting Surgeon on Spermatorrhoea, or Seminal Weakness, Impotence, the Vice of Onanism, Masturbation, or Self-Abuse, and Other Diseases of the Sexual Organs.** Philadelphia: Howard Association, 1858, p. 5.

\* \* \* \* \*

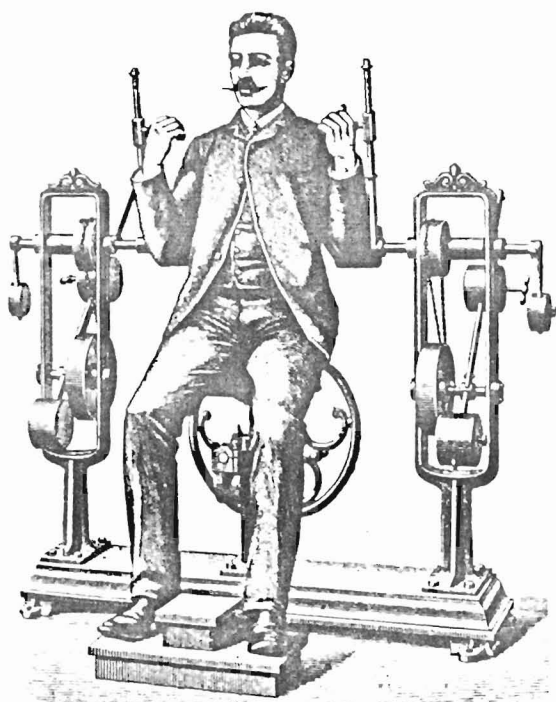
Thousands are initiated into the practice of self-excitement by servants and nurses. In public and private schools, among males and females, it is surprisingly prevalent.

The following is a tolerably accurate picture of the consequences of [masturbation].

After having indulged in this practice for a time, repeating it more and more frequently until it becomes a daily habit, the child without being otherwise sick, loses its bright complexion, which becomes pale, with a greenish tint, especially around the eyes, which are sunken, surrounded by blue margins; the lips lose their vermilion hue. Careful observation reveals to us other important signs of the alteration of the child's health. The mind is indolent, the child sits with the head inclined forward, staring as if absorbed in deep thoughts, without, however, looking at any thing, and is startled by a sudden question. If told to do a thing, the child rises slowly from its seat, and all its motions are slow and heavy. It is averse to play, which it loved formerly, prefers sitting quiet and alone, becomes obstinate, feverish, irritable, and cannot bear the least joke. Children who are addicted to such habits, like to be in solitary places, where they can indulge their vicious propensities; they like to sleep late in the morning, and nevertheless feel unrefreshed and heavy on

getting up. Gradually, every function, especially digestion, suffers more or less. The tongue and teeth are covered with phlegm, the least nourishment causes distress, colic, oppression, flatulence. The child grows thin, and the mental faculties are weakened. The power of comprehension is diminished, the child is dull and taciturn, though unconsciously so. Such consequences may continue for years, to the end of life, even though the practice of this vice has long been abandoned. If some kind of sickness should set in at this time, it is generally very severe; the least fever is apt to assume a typhoid form, and the exhausted body speedily succumbs to the ravages of disease.

Sadly does the young life perish even before it has begun to bud, as a young plant withers away, at whose root a worm has been gnawing. All the cares of sorrowing parents are fruitless, the sources of their highest terrestrial happiness are drained, and the state is deprived of useful and healthy citizens.



## LA TIMES SAYS "FUCK"

We wait with bated breath the release of the latest edition (16th) of that old ready-reference tool, Bartlett's **Familiar Quotations**. Under the helm of Justin Kaplan, famed biographer of Mark Twain, the first complete total revision in more than 50 years is under way (see: Ralph Graves, "The 'Pope' who is Revising our Bible of Sayings," **Smithsonian**, Aug. 1991, pp. 69-77).

Some suggested quotes to add, Mr. Justin:

\* \* \* \* \*

"We love your adherence to democratic principles and to the democratic process."

-George Bush (to then Philippine dictator Ferdinand Marcos); see: Norman Kempster, "New Rules Seen for U.S. Friendship," **LA Times**, 9/8/91, p. A10.

"Fuck off!"

-Mikhail S. Gorbachev on 8/18/91 to the conspirators attempting to take over USSR; see: Michael Parks and James Gerstenzang, "Diary of a Doomed Coup," **LA Times**, 9/3/91, p. H2.

"Cut the bullshit! We have known each other too long for that kind of crap!"

-Mikhail S. Gorbachev on 8/22/91 to A.I. Lukyanov, Chairman of Supreme Soviet (later accused of treason); see: *ibid*, p. H7.

"Parents: The toy in this package meets or exceeds currently applicable government and voluntary toy industry standards. As with any toy, we suggest you provide guidance to your children regarding proper use."

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Mysterious Tales of the Reference Desk

Spermatorrhoea / Los Angeles Times curses / Stuff

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## **SERVICE SPECIAL**

### **Storm the Reality Asylum**

- The Snakes Are Living in the Most Unbridled Technology
- Keep The Sharks From Your Heart
- Labels Limit More Than Empower
- Paradox is the Threshold of Truth

#### **Mighty Few People Think What They Think They Think**

- Perpetrators Become Victims of their Dominance
- Only Drugs Make You As Happy as the People in Ads
- Life is More Important Than Literature

Learn By Going Where To Go

000<sup>00</sup>

